

## REAL PICTURES OF HOW STAGE LOVERS PLAY THEIR PARTS.



## Princess Chimay's

## Latest Sensation.

PARIS, June 2.—And the Princess de Chimay—Paris reeks with her! Her bold, bad pictures stare out from every shop window in wanton undress and attitude, and in the afternoon one meets her riding her wheel or driving with her precious Gypsy in the Bois. She is a feast of beauty of white, soft, alluring flesh, with the eyes of a saint. One cannot know how really beautiful this woman is unless one sees her in the flesh. She is tempting in figure, and her lips are ripe like the heart of a pomegranate. She is all curves and softness, and her flesh is white and firm like a baby's. She has exceeding grace and a most charming smile that shows little, even teeth. Her great eyes follow you and then go back to her lover's face, for she sits and watches him by the hour.

When she drives in her carriage he sits beside her in his smart clothes. She keeps her hand on his knee or on his wrist, and he likes the sensation that is caused as the carriage sweeps along. Her toilettes are beautiful. She has retained her American chic and taste, and she even exercises it on her Gypsy, for he rivals the staidest of Parisian beaux in the shining perfection of his clothes.

When the Princess rides her wheel the café chantants are deserted. She is a whole performance and the band to boot, for she gets herself up in the most astounding costumes and parades before the excited Parisians. She has had her photographs taken in one of her costumes, which is of black velvet, made with bloomers and a blouse cut away to show her white throat. The bloomers, reaching just to the knee, show her soft, pretty legs in transparent, black silk stockings, and a little three-cornered cap is perched on one side of her head.

Evening after evening the ex-Princess and her Gypsy appear at the theatres and opera. The play is forgotten. All eyes are turned toward their box. They are the sensation, the one great attraction. The ex-Princess wears marvellous gowns cut so low that one wonders how she keeps them on, and she is as lovely a sight as one would care to see. She wears no gloves and few jewels, her own beauty being sufficient.

The two take no heed of the stares of the people, but go on with their love drama as if they were alone in the gypsy tents of Hungaria. The Princess reaches over and strokes Rigo's dark hands, gazes into his eyes and smiles upon him in her most winning manner. Occasionally she glances at the stage, but she likes her lover's face better.

As for Rigo, he is always conscious of the eyes of the people. He likes the sensation, and grins till all his strong, white teeth show under his black mustache.

## LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRINCESS CHIMAY AND HER GYPSY.



PRINCESS CHIMAY, THE AMERICAN GIRL WHOSE EXPLOITS ARE THE TALK OF ALL EUROPE, AND HER GYPSY LOVER.

## Love on the Stage.

## Shown by Pictures.

ON this page is presented a romance without words. Or, rather, it is a study in the gentle art of making love, furnished for the delight and instruction of the readers of the American Woman's Home Journal by two distinguished exponents of the cult.

The series of photographic poses reproduced on this page might be entitled very fittingly, "Pictorial Hints to Inexperienced Wooers; or, Love-making Made Easy." The high-minded individuals who have conferred a boon upon the rising and risen generations by showing in their own persons how love should be made will be recognized by every playgoer. The wooer is Miss Maude Odell, of the Lyceum stock company. The wooer is Mr. E. M. Bell, who played Angel Clare to Mrs. Fiske's Tess of the d'Urbervilles.

Apart from the intrinsic beauty of the pictures, they are of unique value because they show effects that are absolutely unrehearsed—because they exhibit what is literally a romance without words. No dramatic author watched the process with jealous eye; no stage manager exercised his plastic art on the models. There were no "cues" for the changes of posture, no "lines" for kaleidoscopic manifestations of loverlike unrest; no "plot" to unfold. All was as spontaneous and untrammelled as the courtship of two dicky birds perched on a twig. And the student of these seven pictures will acknowledge that no two dicky birds ever hatched could have presented a more convincing study of the immortal art than did Miss Odell and Mr. Bell in front of the American Woman's Home Journal camera.

But it is not alone to young lovers that the pictures possess an educational value. They will be an inspiration to budding and blooming dramatists. The love scenes in contemporary plays are nearly always intolerably stupid. Here is a chance for reform. Let every writer of plays paste this page in his hat or pin it over his desk, and the magic of it will charge his fountain pen with a mixture of champagne and honey.

For the gratification of those prosaic souls that insist on something concrete—on a real story—mere words may be hazarded to interpret the picture series, somewhat after the above fashion.

## Slaves Return to Sweden.

Swedish servant girls—200 of them—are going from Chicago to take part in King Oscar's jubilee in Stockholm. And they are going in the end of the ship that gets into port last. They came over in the other end, but they have made some money in Chicago kitchens, and the steerage is not good enough for them this trip. The servant girls will have plenty of money when they get to Stockholm, and they have formed a resolution to burn it.